Washington Park Arboretum

BULLETIN

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Washington Park Arboretum

The Arboretum is a 230-acre dynamic garden of trees and shrubs, displaying internationally renowned collections of oaks, conifers, camellias, Japanese and other maples, hollies and a profusion of woody plants from the Pacific Northwest and around the world. Aesthetic enjoyment gracefully co-exists with science in this spectacular urban green space on the shores of Lake Washington. Visitors come to learn, explore, relax or reflect in Seattle's largest public garden.

The Washington Park Arboretum is managed cooperatively by the University of Washington Botanic Gardens and Seattle Parks and Recreation; the Arboretum Foundation is its major support organization.

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The Arboretum Foundation's mission is to create and strengthen an engaged community of donors, volunteers and advocates who will promote, protect and enhance the Washington Park Arboretum for current and future generations.

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ABOVE: Callaway Gardens is a 13,000 acre complex near Columbus, Georgia that specializes in displays of azaleas. Photograph by Seattle-based garden photographer, Charles Needle.

ON THE COVER: A tulip displays spring's delicacy and vibrancy. Photograph by Charles Needle. To view more of Charles' work and/or register for one of his photography classes, visit www.charlesneedlephoto.com.

Five Years: Change and Continuity

This spring marks my fifth anniversary as executive director of the Arboretum's Foundation, a fitting time to reflect on what has changed and what has not.

In April of 2007, change was in the air. The Foundation was nearing its fundraising goal for the first of the new Pacific Connections gardens, but construction had not yet begun. The decade-old debate over SR 520 was ongoing; the most likely solution placed a huge ramp structure over the Arboretum's Foster Island and funneled all traffic south of the Ship Canal into the Arboretum. Oh, and the economy was booming!

Flash forward five years. The first Pacific Connections Gardens are maturing nicely, the Gateway to Chile Garden is installed, and 10,000 baby plants for the New Zealand Forest await planting out next year. And, the Japanese Garden Entry Gatehouse has been funded and built.

After lots more process, the SR 520 project is moving forward. There will be no giant "X" across the heart of the Arboretum; in fact, there will be no ramps in the Arboretum at all! The highway will be wider than we'd like, but the shoreline, wetlands and creek will be extensively restored, and a new bike and pedestrian trail will traverse the length of the Arboretum, connecting us to our neighbors and the University.

Hard economic times have come and knocked large holes in the operating budgets of our partners, Seattle Parks and UW Botanic Gardens. So the Foundation has done even more—first with money, and then through the creation of a robust new volunteer corps (the Pacific Connections Stewards) to help maintain the new gardens.

And, so many people have moved on: Foundation staff and most of the top leaders of our public partners. I'd venture that more has changed in the Arboretum in the past five years than at any time since the heady days of its construction in the 1930s.

And, yet it remains remarkably the same. The timeless cycle of the seasons: the Witt Garden in winter, Azalea Way in the spring, Foster Island outings in the summer, Maple Viewing at the Japanese Garden in the fall. Also our dedicated board and staff, the Arboretum crew, and our faithful corps of volunteers—many with decades of service here. In addition, the relationship of three partners caring for these same 230 acres remains complicated and challenging, as it seems to have been for most of our history together.

For me, it has been the richest time of my life: my first grandchild, Gustav, born four years ago, then his sister, and now a new baby brother—all here in Seattle. My first love has returned to me, both of us older, wiser and happier. And, I am so excited to help and cheer him on as his research takes him so close to curing the nastiest cancers.

Looking forward, there is much still to do: fundraising for endowment and the next Pacific Connections Gardens, raising money and volunteers to sustain operations here, working more effectively with our partners. I don't know the exact path that we will take. I do know that I am grateful for the opportunity to share in the adventure of the past five years and to help sustain our legacy for little Gustav and so many others to come.

Cheers,

Paige Miller

Paige Miller, Executive Director,
Arboretum Foundation

Kentucky's Bernheim Arboretum

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALT BUBELIS

After hearing about Bernheim Arboretum for a number of years, I had the chance to visit it this summer, and I'm so glad I did. Before going I had no idea of the wealth of plants growing there: I knew only that the Arboretum has a research station that plays an important role in educating the public on horticultural issues.

On a quiet Sunday morning last September, my wife and I found ourselves at the Arboretum's impressive entry, paying a nominal fee and wondering just what lay beyond. Due to its size of 14,000 acres, Bernheim Arboretum is located

ABOVE: Bernheim Arboretum's showcase Visitor Center includes a number of "green" features, including a roof planted with grasses.

in the countryside about 25 miles southwest of Louisville.

The Visitor Center is some distance inside the Arboretum's boundaries; one automatically relaxes driving toward the Center, with every bend in the road offering such enticing features as ponds, sculptural pieces, open tall grass prairies and glades of native forest.

You realize that the Center is a showpiece of a building as you walk toward it from a parking lot planted with native shrubs. Inside, there are warm, honey-toned wood walls and pillars made from reclaimed bald cypress; they are set off by large glass windows that make one feel close to the outside landscape, a mix of native pines and hardwoods. Plaques within the Center tell which woods have been used in its construction, and from which previous incarnations the woods come, such as old barns or a pickle vat! The sloping roof sports a huge green garden planted with various species. Rainwater is collected into cisterns, then filtered twice and used to flush the toilets. The structure won a platinum LEED Green Building Certification from the U.S. Green Building Council (USGBC) in 2007, the first of its kind in Kentucky. Close by are demonstration tables with different mixes of plants suitable for roof gardens. (Although roof gardens have become a popular topic now, I recall seeing sod roofs in central Indiana in the 1960s, reminding me of the sod houses of the settlers in the western prairies.)

The spacious interior of the Visitor Center flows into a reading room, a children's learning

ABOVE: A large open area is planted with Joe Pye weed, sunflowers, milkweeds and asters.

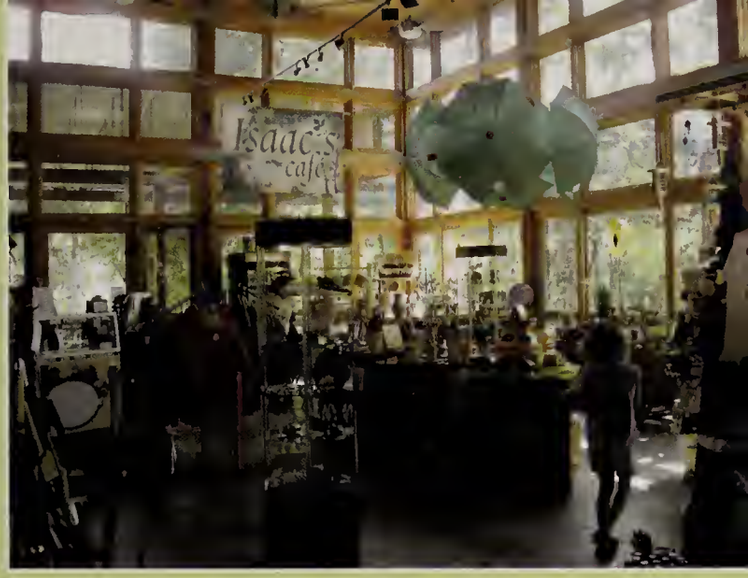
center, a gift shop, a plant shop and a café. Each was attracting people of all ages while we were there. Recycling was in evidence, from the cisterns collecting rainwater to food scraps being composted.

Isaac W. Bernheim, a German immigrant who became successful in distilling and distributing whiskey, established the Arboretum and research forest in 1929 as a thank-you to the people of Kentucky. Within two years of purchasing this large tract of heavily logged and worn-out farm land, Bernheim contracted with the Olmsted landscape design firm to begin work on a major site plan.

Today, about 600 acres are devoted to horticultural plants. Major specialties include crabapples, lilacs, nut trees, beeches, dwarf conifers and one of the largest collections of American hollies in North America. Maples, dogwoods and magnolias also are well represented. The Arboretum selects and publicizes some of the best plants for use in urban landscapes in northern Kentucky, with a special emphasis on underused native tree species. Some of the Arboretum's recommended natives are favorites here in the Pacific Northwest too, such as the American smoke tree (*Cotinus obovatus*), apple serviceberry (*Amelanchier arborea*), fringe tree (*Chionanthus virginicus*), sourwood (*Oxydendrum arboreum*), sweet bay magnolia (*Magnolia virginiana*) and yellowwood (*Cladrastis kentukea*).

Some areas of Bernheim Arboretum remind me of an English estate. The trees are spaced so that they can achieve picture-perfect shapes, and sunlight penetrates to the tree trunks so that grass grows lush underneath them. Labels are prominent and easy to find; if you need a rest, benches are to be found.

The remaining acreage in the research forest is a mixture of eastern hardwoods and conifers. Although the majority of the trees are oak, hickory and pine, one will see plenty of beech, maples, sycamores and Kentucky's state tree, the tulip tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), which is called yellow poplar there. There is also a recreated swamp with bald cypress and water tupelo (*Nyssa aquatica.*) Within the forest there are numerous hiking trails (one over 13 miles long) and viewpoints, including fire towers and knobs from which hikers may view the rolling hills. Portions of this forest were cut several times in order to make charcoal, which is used in the production of crude pig iron. (In the 1830s and 1840s, Kentucky was third in the nation in iron production.) Today Bernheim Arboretum is committed to restoring the forest to its original condition, before Europeans settled there.



ABOVE AND RIGHT: The Visitor Center's seamless design accommodates a shop, an exhibit space and a reading area.

I was fascinated by some of the research projects being undertaken at the Arboretum. One of the more exotic is the Paddlefish Project. This ancient freshwater fish is being studied in the lakes at Bernheim; it is noted for having roe (eggs) that rival in taste the caviar of its relative, the sturgeon. I've always had a soft spot for amphibians and was glad to see that the frog and toad populations are being monitored in the Arboretum to see how they are impacted by global climate changes. (Kermit would approve!) The University of Louisville's Urban-Global Change-Forest Ecosystems (UGCFE) lab is studying the effects of people on the environment, using changes in the Bernheim forests to predict larger, more widespread climate change. Lichens in the research forest are being monitored to predict environmental changes, as well.

Small mammals, snakes, birds and insects (including butterflies) are being monitored for various projects, too. Many neo-tropical birds such as blue-gray gnatcatchers, common yellowthroats, worm-eating warblers and yellow-breasted chats use Bernheim to nest. Some of these species have declined in past years due to a decimation of their habitat in the tropics and in North America, but also because of an increase of their rivals, brown-headed cowbirds. Bernheim is changing landscape-management practices to reduce its population of brown-headed cowbirds. For instance, the Arboretum gardeners have stopped mowing wide swaths of grass that used to border the forest roads; the mowed grass had been prime habitat for the invading cowbirds.

The forest provides refuge for the timber rattlesnake, which used to inhabit large deciduous forests from Maine to Minnesota and from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico and Texas. If you're not thrilled to look for reptiles, keep an eye open for the wild turkeys that were re-introduced to Bernheim in 1982. (The turkey was Benjamin Franklin's choice for a national bird because he considered it a clever and slender denizen of the woods; Franklin much preferred it to that upstart scavenger, the eagle!)

I've always loved grasslands and was surprised and happy to see significant acreage devoted to restoring tall-grass prairie land, such as existed throughout portions of the Midwest from Ohio to Iowa. I remember one of my professors at Wabash College stopping the car on a field trip to collect some turkey grass along an abandoned railway. The stems were as long as the car; he tied them to the passenger side, proudly displaying them as we drove back to campus. A large open area at Bernheim in full sun is devoted to an impressive collection of grasses and wildflowers such as Joy Pye weed (*Eupatorium purpureum*), sunflowers, milkweeds and asters. To maintain this properly, gardeners at Bernheim have prescribed burns, which mimic the wildfires that occur naturally on the prairies. Such fires keep trees from encroaching on the grassland and shading it out.

Research is also being done on one of my favorite trees, the American chestnut (*Castanea americana*). The blight that wiped out most of

Continued on page 29

MY EATING EXPERIMENT:

Answers to Your Frequently Asked Questions

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAIGE MILLER

Many of you have asked me to answer questions about the eating experiment I did in 2010. When some of you heard that I was zany enough to do it a second time, your first question was, "Why?" So, our gracious "Bulletin" editor, Jan Whitner, has given me a little more space in this issue to answer some of your most frequently asked questions. I would love to hear your thoughts about my experiences and what challenges you have set for yourselves that satisfied your quest for adventure and discovery, without even leaving your own backyard.

What was the experiment, and what were the parameters?

The ground rules that I set for myself were simple. For one week I would eat only what I grew, foraged (harvested by my own hands) or made. My only exception was water from the tap. I could harvest food in advance of my "eating week" and preserve it—but I had to make or grow the additives used to preserve the food. Freezing, drying and pickling with homemade apple vinegar were okay. Since I didn't have a source for sugar, making jams and jellies was not okay. It was really an experiment in self-sufficiency and resourcefulness, set for a long enough time to be challenging, but doable, and adapted to the reality that I would be working full time while I did it and photographing, documenting and blogging about it every day.

When did you do it?

I began planning and preparing for the experiment in the spring of 2010 when my p-patch partner, Jan Drago, and I began planting our spring and summer garden. I planned to freeze the early crops, like snow peas and raspberries, and then do my eating in the last week of August when the summer harvest should be at its peak. When I repeated the experiment in 2011, I pushed the eating week later in the year, to mid-October. Fall harvest yielded one large, fully-ripe pumpkin: such a fabulous addition to my larder.

What possessed you to try it?

Curiosity. A desire to connect to experiences and values rooted in my family. A challenge for myself.

When I talked with my sister about my experiment, she reminded me of many strands from our past that helped to shape us. Our family took exceptional pride in self-reliance. Some of my earliest memories are of my parents building our house from a pre-cut kit, with occasional help from their friends and toddler Paige. So many memories involve food: helping my grandparents and my dad with their large vegetable gardens, canning peaches with Dad over a camp stove set up next to the peach tree in the backyard, summer weekends on our old boat on Long Island Sound harvesting mussels or digging for clams. The most memorable of these adventures was extending a family canoe trip in the Boundary Waters of Minnesota by living off the land, eating our catch of large-mouth bass and picking the abundant blueberries which, steamed in a Bisquick dough, resulted in a pretty tasty blueberry duff.

Dad told us stories of not having enough to eat when he was in the Army Air Corps in England during World War II. So, he harvested whelks from the tide flats of the Wash and cooked them up in his helmet, much to the envy of his comrades. Dad always made us feel that making do with less was a virtue, but a wonderful challenge and adventure as well.

On a trip to Plimoth Plantation in Massachusetts in the early 1990s, I saw demonstrations of the daily life of my Pilgrim ancestors in cabins replicating their settlement. I thought about what it took for them to survive on only what they harvested or hunted and wondered what it would be like to try it myself. Walking a few steps in their shoes seemed like a good way to test myself, and like a worthwhile adventure. It would take discipline, learning new skills (like how to make salt), and resourcefulness. And, it would provide lots of stories to share with friends and colleagues.

Interestingly, neither the "eating local" phenomenon sparked by Barbara Kingsolver, nor Michael Pollan's "The Omnivore's Dilemma" played a role in my thinking, although I heard about both as I did my planning. I will read both authors someday.

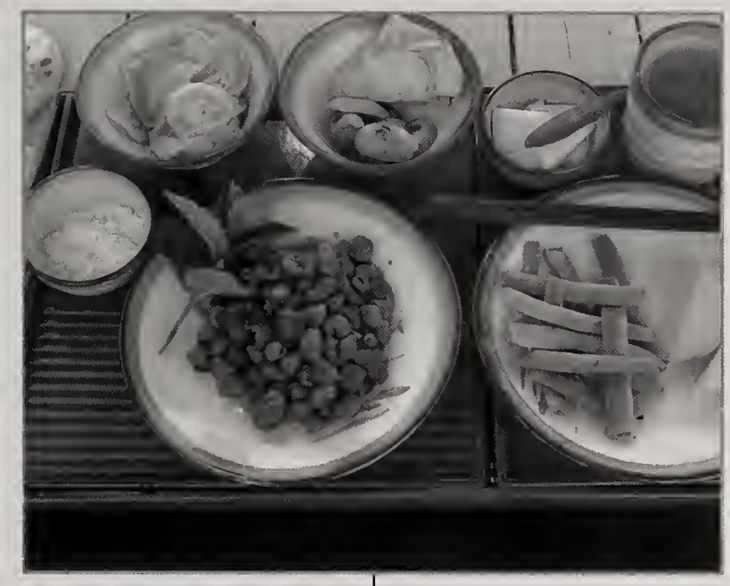
What did you have to eat? Were you hungry?

I sought to vary my diet, as well as spice things up with the addition of herbs and other seasonings. I succeeded quite well. However, only a few of the foods that I grew or foraged contained any substantial amount of calories, and those I had to eat often. Unlike my Pilgrim ancestors, who caught game, fowl and fish, I had no grains, no meat, no sugar, no dairy products, no cooking oil or fats. Yes, I was often hungry. I started my week in 2010 with 12 lbs. of potatoes; I ended it with half a dozen small potatoes left. I knew they would be my main source of food energy, and they were. Most days I ate potatoes three times a day—baked with roasted garlic and Sichuan pepper, boiled, in borscht and cioppino, grilled on parchment paper (how to do it without oil). Oh, for some butter or sour cream!

The big surprise was dried fava beans. I had never cooked them before. I learned to bake them with salt and garlic in a slow oven for hours until they made a soft mash. Arboretum colleagues at lunch one day laughed out loud and told me my mash looked awful, but it tasted good and filled my grumbling stomach.

Oh, and the other delight during that first year was mussels. On a summer trip to visit Dad on Long Island, I went to an old haunt and harvested three dozen priceless mussels. How to get them back to Seattle? And, without having to check luggage? I cooked, shelled and froze them into two small Ziploc bags. I researched using dry ice. It is legal to bring up to three lbs. of it in a passenger cabin. Alas, no source was nearby. My solution was much more low-tech. Pack the small baggies of mussels in bags of ice for the trip to the airport and check-in. Dump the ice just before security

screening. And, then immediately after the check point, raid an ice bucket at an airport restaurant and then replenish the ice from each drink on the flight. Those mussels were worth all of the effort. They made my best meal, a tasty poor girl's cioppino of mussels, potatoes, tomatoes, fava beans, garlic and herbs.



How did you survive without coffee? Without wine?

In Seattle, where good coffee is nearly a religion, I am a heretic. I drink tea—Chinese green tea. I was pleasantly surprised that fresh mint tea was such a good substitute for my expensive jasmine and Dragon Well green. And, it brewed up to a gleaming, translucent green color.

Doing without my glass of wine with dinner was more difficult, but the high of being on an adventure overcame my feeling of deprivation. After all, it was only for one week.

The greatest challenge was a diet without fat or oil. Cooking methods were basically limited to baking, boiling and steaming. No frying, stir-frying or cooking on the griddle. Food without fat tastes flat, and it is harder to satisfy your sense of hunger. The critical importance of oil was one of my greatest surprises.

Was it difficult to do?

Yes.

Food preparation took a lot of forethought and a lot of time. Remember the world before fast food? Both potatoes and fava beans are ridiculously easy to grow in our climate (thank goodness). But, cooking potatoes takes a long time, and cooking dried fava beans takes even longer, usually three to four hours. I usually began cooking as early as five or six in the morning, baking, steaming or boiling my breakfast foods and the ones for lunch at the office. Prep time and cooking took two to three hours in the morning. All the fresh foods needed to be washed and cut up. Dried beans needed to be shelled, washed and soaked.

In the evening, the routine was repeated, with prep and cooking for dinner, and perhaps something started for the next day. Leftovers were a miracle. Making a dish that could be stretched for three or four meals was ideal. Soup, glorious soup, like most people, gets better with age.

Now, I must confess: It could have been simpler and taken less work. I took the time to photograph each meal, including some of the preparation. And, I documented what I ate and how I cooked it. Since I was taking pictures, I tried to create nice table settings and to vary how I presented each meal. That took some time, but meant that the monotony of eating the same foods repeatedly was relieved by the visual pleasure of seeing that same old thing in a novel presentation. And, I took time to post my pictures and thoughts on Facebook each day. But, sharing the adventure with others and telling the story were part of the joy in doing it.

If it was so difficult, why did you do it a second time?

Good question. The simple answer is that I take great pleasure in challenging myself. Then, too, I wondered if I could use what I had learned the first time to do better on a second try. I set the eating week for later in harvest season so I could have more variety. And, I used some things saved from the year before. I still had the Elliott Bay sea salt I had boiled and baked down. And, I had two small bottles of apple cider vinegar from my failed attempt to

make hard apple cider that first fall. With these, I made pickled beans, and, also, a very nice raspberry vinaigrette (without oil, of course).

At the end of my first day I was hungry and muttered to myself, "And, exactly why did you want to do this again?" But, things got better. I found a recipe for spicy Mexican black bean pumpkin soup on the Internet. With fava beans substituting for black beans, and my precious one big pumpkin, I made the soup with tomatoes, garlic, herbs, salt and a sunroom-grown Hungarian paprika. Spicy, yes! Filling, yes! Whereas, in 2010 I lost three lbs. during my week, in 2011 I lost none. While I liked the side benefit of losing some weight, not having the stress of being hungry was so much better.

Besides, the pumpkin soup, the other wonderful discovery this last fall was baked Granny Smiths. While Granny Smiths tend to be quite tart, those I harvested from my backyard and baked until very soft satisfied my craving for something sweet.

I had two unmet goals for the second year. The first was to make cooking oil. My daughter gave me a hand cranked oil press for Christmas. I had hoped to press some sunflower seeds with it to make some oil. But, I had no time to harvest the seed and learn how to use the press before my eating week arrived. My second goal was to keep a few chickens and to gather their eggs. My daughter has been building me a raccoon-proof chicken coop on and off for several years. She almost finished it this summer, but not quite. Perhaps, I will have to try the experiment again this year. What do you think?

Why did you enjoy doing this experiment?

I liked problem solving: learning how to make salt from seawater, how to use foods I didn't usually eat, how to make do with my limited larder but still create interesting meals, how to avoid bag fees and still get my mussels home. The Internet was my great teacher, a resource for recipes and do-it-yourself techniques.

I really enjoyed eating steamed vegetables for breakfast, as my hosts taught me to do on trips to Asia. Kohlrabi tastes something like artichoke or asparagus. And, cold chard is surprisingly tasty when cornflakes are not an option.

In the end, I found the discipline imposed by such limited resources very satisfying. I appreciated small things so much more than usual: Pumpkin seeds, and the salted and roasted taste of nuts. Fresh beets are quite sweet, and baked apples are absolutely heavenly. And, of course, there was the pure joy that came on the day after I reached my goal, when I could eat a cheese omelet and toast with butter and raspberry jam with no guilt whatsoever!

Paige Miller is the Executive Director of the Arboretum Foundation. She can be reached at pmiller@arboretumfoundation.org.

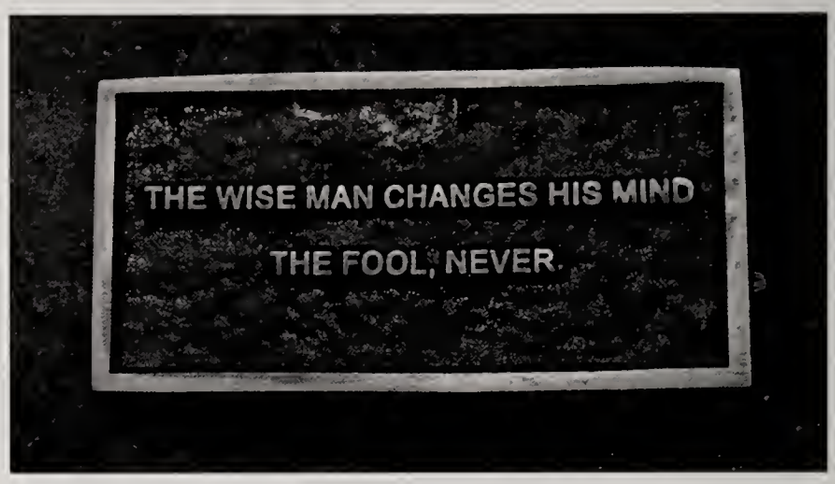
The Garden of Souls at Utopian Heights

Text and Photographs by Liisa Wihman

At the corner of 37th Avenue NE and NE 62nd Street in Seattle, a prominent green-and-white sign stating "Welcome—Utopian Heights" catches one's eye. Despite its official look, there is something strange about it: Instead of a real, contemporary street sign, it reminds one more of an intricate, 19th century paper cutout. A closer look at the parking strips surrounding the corner tells that you have arrived at no ordinary neighborhood: This is the home ground of Seattle artists Nancy Mee and Dennis Evans. Both are successful, well-established artists (Nancy is a sculptor

and Dennis a painter), and their creativity touches everything around them, including the streets and parking strips around their home.

Nancy and Dennis have been living and making art in their Utopian Heights Studios in the Bryant neighborhood in Seattle since 1976. Their home is filled with art created by themselves, by their artist friends, and by artisans from faraway cultures around the world. Their studios and garden are a visual and intellectual synthesis that merges their passions, interests and work into one harmonious whole. Contrary to many other celebrated individuals in today's art world, Nancy and Dennis believe that art is about sharing. Around their home and ateliers, they have put this belief into practice, transforming their garden, the surrounding parking strips, and an adjacent lot into the Utopian Heights Neighborhood—complete with the aforementioned official-looking (though actually wholly unofficial) sign stating its name. Here, 40 bright-pink, blooming *Prunus* 'Thundercloud' trees, carefully selected stones and sculptures, bronze plaques with philosophical passages, and minimalistic benches offer nourishment and rest for the eyes, mind and legs of the occasional passers-by and residents of the area. Some locals even call Dennis 'Dennis Thunderplum,' as he—like a modern Johnny Appleseed—plants his pink plum trees that each year extend farther and farther into the parking strips of the neighborhood.



Along the parking strips, Dennis has placed several beautiful limestones from North Dakota that were formed and partly turned into marble by high pressure under snow masses during the ice ages. They serve as contemplative focal points and invite both touching and closer examination, evoking thoughts of petrified trees or waterfalls. A seasonal dial (instead of a sun dial) tells when it is time to celebrate spring and autumn equinoxes or summer and winter solstices, and sometimes Nancy and Dennis arrange a celebration together with their neighbors. Along the sidewalks, bronze plaques designed and cast by Dennis bear messages like, "A permanent state of transition is man's most noble condition," or "The wise man changes his mind—the fool, never," offering a gentle poke to the mind of even the most hurried walkers.

From the sidewalk, a gate opens into "The Garden of Souls," a secluded garden for all passers-by to enjoy. Here, a covered pathway leads through several small rooms filled with art, plants and water features. Nancy's large glass and metal sculptures meet the visitors, looking like beautiful hybrids between ancient Japanese tori gates and seamarks [*Editor's note:* seamarks are graceful wood and metal navigation markers appearing in Scandinavian waters] that radiate both strength and fragility at the

same time. Dennis's painter's touch is clearly apparent in the plant palette here; according to him, this garden is not about plants but about art, even if plants play an important role in creating a tranquil environment.

An old Japanese pine, a lucky leftover from the previous owner, forms a dignified, dark background with its weeping branches and long needles. Delicate Japanese maples spread their deeply dissected leaves towards visitors, encouraging touch, and some of them—like the snakebark maple *Acer* x *conspicuum*—have richly colored, textural bark that is especially attractive to the eyes of an artist like Dennis. Hostas spread their lush leaves, forming soft mounds that contrast well with the rectilinear, Asian-inspired woodwork, and grasses add a sensual note to the garden. Besides Japanese maples, Dennis is fond of mosses and dwarf conifers, and as the years have gone by, he has amassed an intriguing collection of sculptural, contorted larches that seem to have a character of their own.

"The Garden of Souls" was begun on September 11, 2001 and completed within six weeks out of pure frustration with the acts of terror that happened on that day. During the decade that has gone by, the garden and its surroundings have evolved as Dennis has fine-tuned the plantings and shaped the structures, and as Nancy has added new sculptures to the composition. But just as in its early days, the garden still functions as a place for contemplation and reflection, and as a memorial for all the souls that were lost—or passed forward, as Dennis and Nancy say—during that dreadful, tragic day.

In their Utopian Heights neighborhood park, Nancy and Dennis have included a small, wooden altar where passers-by can write and leave notes containing their thoughts and prayers. These are gathered and burned every six months, and so sent to join with the universe. Small presents are often left on the little altar. Someone even carried a bright green ceramic Buddha there; now it welcomes visitors with a broad smile surrounded by lush ivy under the altar. Private and touching little notes filled the shrine when I visited, a reminder of the deep need for spirituality in our often hurried daily lives. Maybe the park and altar are especially protected, as Nancy and Dennis tell that they have so far been safe from graffiti and other foul deeds.

One of Dennis's bronze plaques by the sidewalk says, "Be happy with what you have and are, be generous with both, and you won't have to hunt for happiness." After wandering through the Utopian Heights neighborhood and "The Garden of Souls," I felt that no one fulfills these ideals better than Nancy and Dennis themselves, both so happy doing what they love and generously sharing it all with others. The

world would be a better place with more people like them.

"The Garden of Souls" is at the corner of 37th Avenue NE and NE 62nd Street in Seattle; it is always open for everyone to enjoy.

More about Nancy's and Dennis's art is at: http://www.dennisevans.net/

Liisa Wihman is a garden historian with a master's degree in art history from Stockholm University. Read her blog at www.intercontinentalgardener.com for a wide-ranging look at gardens. Liisa serves on the "Bulletin" Editorial Board.

THE MASTER GARDENER PROGRAM:

A 30-Year Success Story from Washington State University

By David Gibby, William Scheer, Sharon Collman and George Pinyuh

Because of its mild marine climate, the Pacific Northwest lends itself to year-round enjoyment of gardens. Regional urbanites and rural dwellers alike have, therefore, always been interested in developing their horticultural knowledge and skills.

During its early history, the Washington State University (WSU) Cooperative Extension program traditionally assigned horticulture faculty to county offices as part of the Agriculture, Home Economics and 4-H outreach education programs. The emphasis of the horticulture programs was crop production. It was not until rapid urban growth and a burgeoning interest in gardening occurred in the late 1960s and early 1970s that the WSU Cooperative Extension began to develop programs emphasizing urban horticulture.

In 1971, area Extension agents David Gibby and Bill Scheer started separate assignments in the major metropolitan areas represented by King and Pierce counties. They focused respectively on urban and commercial horticulture. But public demand for information about plant problems was so intense that it made educational programming by either of them virtually impossible.

Initially, administrators suggested that getting information out via mass media would solve that problem. The result was that television and radio gardening shows put on by Gibby served to make the public more aware that the Extension office was the place to get help. Consequently Gibby and Scheer met to explore other avenues to most effectively address the needs of the backyard gardener.

Among approaches they considered was the concept of attracting and training volunteers to serve the urban audience. This appeared to be the most feasible option, as it would free Gibby and Scheer from having to constantly react to public demand and allow them to be proactive in fulfilling educational needs. Recruitment would require a careful selection process.

An appropriate and distinguished title would also be necessary. As both Gibby and Scheer had worked in Germany acquiring language proficiency and understanding of the culture, they knew that Germans bestow titles for hard-earned proficiency levels in various crafts. The top proficiency level in horticulture is denoted by the term "Gartenmeister," which they anglicized as "Master Gardener." This title would be appropriate for volunteers who had received extensive training.

The volunteer concept was discussed many times before it was taken to various subject-matter specialists at the Western Washington University Research and Extension Center (WWREC) in Puyallup. The specialists initially rejected the idea of training volunteers.

To test the viability of the concept, Gibby, in 1972, organized a trial clinic at the Tacoma Mall, featuring specialists to see if the public demonstrated interest in receiving gardening information. In preparation, he wrote articles for the Tacoma newspapers and aired advertisements on television. The results were far better than the specialists had expected. Convinced of the need for the project, they committed to help train volunteers, and Gibby was now able to

take the project to the next level. In the meantime, Scheer continued his work in commercial horticulture but helped teach Master Gardener classes for the next 20 years.

Gibby had arranged for Steve Lorton, editor of the Pacific Northwest edition of "Sunset" magazine, to cover the trial clinic. Lorton wrote an article under the title "Wanted: Expert Gardeners to Become Master Gardeners." There were about 600 initial inquiries. Gibby interviewed all applicants and accepted 300. The next step was to develop a training curriculum.

Subject matter was to include culture of ornamental plants, lawns, vegetables and fruits; control of plant diseases, insects and weeds; and the safe use of pesticides. Faculty specialists from the WWREC and county faculty were to participate in teaching. Sessions were to be held eight hours per day, one day a week, for five weeks. At the end of training, volunteers were required to pass subject-matter exams, as well as an exam for pesticide licensing by the Washington State Department of Agriculture. Master Gardeners were then committed to volunteering a specified number of hours working with the gardening public.

Funds in the amount of $500 were needed to stock the first clinics staffed by the Master Gardeners, but Gibby's application was turned down by the University Extension administration. A second submittal, written by Gibby and signed by Arlen Davison, Extension plant pathologist at the WWREC, was eventually approved.

By the end of 1973, Gibby had resigned from WSU to take leadership in ornamental nursery production with the Weyerhaeuser Company. Sharon Collman, who had been working as program assistant with Gibby, became King County Extension agent and continued managing the program for several years. She is credited with building a solid foundation for the program, as well as promoting and expanding it. Collman held the program together under the hardship of serving long hours during a time of budgetary constraints. She also helped other Extension offices establish Master Gardener programs in Washington and other states. During this period, the Pierce County program was ably guided by Nancy Hibbing, a program assistant.

About a year after Collman took over, Blair Adams (now deceased) was hired to replace Gibby in the Area position. After Adams moved to become the Extension horticulture specialist at the WWREC in Puyallup, George Pinyuh became his replacement as King County Extension agent in 1976 and held this position until his retirement in 1994. Collman then concentrated on training Master Gardeners in the diagnosis of plant problems and integrated pest management. These Master Gardeners, in turn, assisted in processing the increased volume of plant problem specimens arriving from the expanded number of clinics.

In the meantime, Extension Ornamental Horticulture Specialist Bernard Wesenberg (now deceased) at the WWREC promoted the Master Gardeners program nationwide and took on a significant coordinating role. Arlen Davison, by then state Extension agriculture and natural resources program leader and later WWREC superintendent, promoted the program within the administration and was responsible for funding program assistants in various counties.

During George Pinyuh's tenure as area Extension agent, he received a faculty excellence award, and the program continued to expand in number of volunteers, number of plant clinics, and new volunteer roles. He also established the individual county and state Master Gardener foundations. The WSU Cooperative Master Gardener Resource Center at the University of Washington Center for Urban Horticulture in Seattle is another Pinyuh accomplishment. Today, he continues to teach Master Gardener volunteers and works at demonstration gardens.

Mary Robson, after serving five years as a program assistant with Pinyuh, held the Area Extension faculty position between 1994 and 2004. She worked closely with Pinyuh to improve program efficacy and establish a good working relationship with the University of Washington. Robson feels one of her major accomplishments

was raising the money necessary to build the Master Gardener's headquarters at the Center for Urban Horticulture.

It is not possible to name all those who have made significant contributions to this program over the years. The list includes many faculty members and dedicated program assistants who started Master Gardener programs statewide and deserve much credit. As time progressed, the program received the credibility and recognition it well deserves.

In order to better manage the urban horticulture educational efforts statewide, a Master Gardener volunteer coordinator position was funded. Van Bobbitt held this position from 1989 to 1998, attaining excellent results promoting the program around the state and building further support from WSU administration. Rod Tinnemore, who currently holds the position, assumed leadership in 2001 and is working hard to ensure program sustainability.

There are now 3100 volunteers around the state. They staff clinics in 105 communities at 171 locations. Each Master Gardener receives approximately 60 hours of training and gives back a minimum of 50 hours of free public service in horticultural assistance to his or her community. Some have served actively in the program for more than 20 years. They are grass-roots educators, who extend the service of the University to more than 300,000 people each year.

The horticulture "master" concept is so successful that it has spread throughout the United States and several provinces in Canada. It has been adopted by various other disciplines of University Extension, such as food preservation, clothing and textiles, animal husbandry and resource conservation (under the titles Master Food Preservers and Safety Advisors, Clothing and Textiles Advisors, Livestock Advisors, Master Composters, Beach Watchers and Waste Warriors).

The authors are ex-faculty and faculty emeritus of the WSU Cooperative Extension, King and Pierce Counties.

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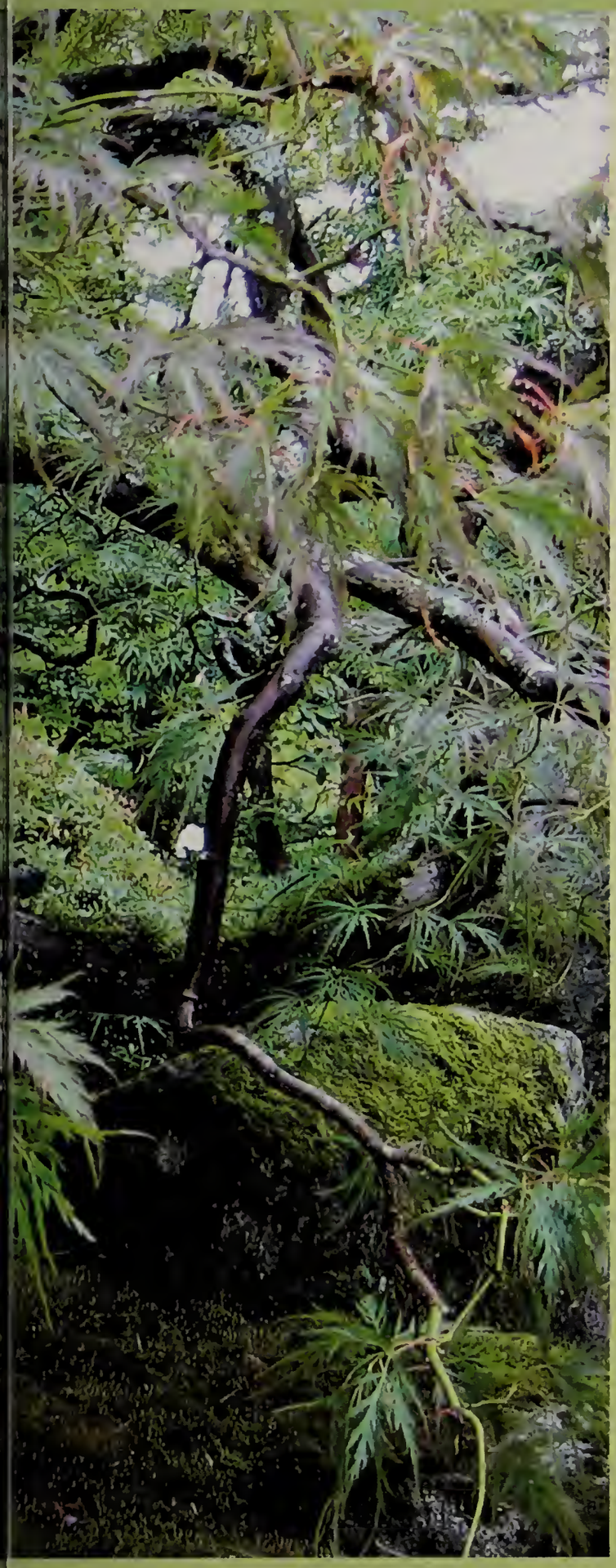

Siddhartha said: "What could I say to you that would be of value, except that perhaps you seek too much, that as a result of your seeking you cannot find."

"How is that?" asked Govinda.

"When someone is seeking," said Siddhartha, "it happens quite easily that he only sees the thing that he is seeking; that he is unable to find anything, unable to absorb anything, because he is only thinking of the thing he is seeking, because he has a goal, because he is obsessed with his goal. Seeking means: to have a goal; but finding means: to be free, to be receptive, to have no goal."

"Siddhartha," Herman Hesse

These notes are based on a talk I gave to the Japanese Garden guides and the ensuing conversation the guides and I had. They describe issues that should be considered and techniques that guides may use to lead successful garden tours, specifically tours of Seattle's Japanese Garden. These notes, distilled from this conversation with tour leaders will, I hope, provide answers to the question that must be on the mind of every garden guide: How can visitors get the most rewarding experience from their visit to this garden?

This raises several questions about the roles played by tour guides: Do we "give" visitors the best experience or do we design our tour so that they "get" the most rewarding experience? How much of the responsibility for a successful visit

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LEFT: A laceleaf maple may reveal another world, missed if we just walk by.

resides with the guide and how much with the visitor? Is it our job as guides to tell visitors everything we think they need to know, or should we try to get them in the right frame of mind to enjoy the experience of the garden and learn from that? As a teacher I have become increasingly wary of laying down explicit "explanations" and increasingly enamored of "experience" as an effective teacher, and this seems a particularly valid approach in a garden tour, particularly a tour of a garden like the Japanese Garden, with its rich store of historic associations, important cultural meanings, horticultural and biological interest, and experiential richness, not to mention paths of varied width and inviting intersections. I was pleased to discover that this view was shared by many guides.

But a "provocation" was needed to get our conversation going; accordingly, I began exploring the idea of learning from direct experience in a garden tour with a quote from David Abram's "The Spell of the Sensuous":

"The human mind is not some otherworldly essence that comes to house itself inside our physiology. Rather, it is instilled and provoked by the sensorial field itself, induced by the tensions and participations between the human body and the animate earth. The invisible shapes of smells, rhythms of cricket song, and the movement of shadows all, in a sense, provide the subtle body of our thoughts. Our own reflections, we might say, are a part of the play of light and its reflections. (As the poet Rilke asked, "The inner—what is it, if not intensified sky?")"

By acknowledging such links between the inner, psychological world and the perceptual terrain that surrounds us, we begin to turn inside-out, loosening the psyche from its confinement within a strictly human sphere, freeing sentience to return to the sensible world that contains us. Intelligence is no longer ours alone but is a property of the earth; we are in it, of it, immersed in its depths. And indeed each terrain, each ecology, seems to have its own particular intelligence, its unique vernacular of soil and leaf and sky. Each place its own mind, its own psyche.

Abram's ideas suggest that gardens should be experienced sensuously as well as intellectually—felt, as well as thought about. A garden's "meaning" is more than a cognitive understanding: it is the sum of body, senses, mind and spiritual experiences. Using Abram's language one might ask, "What 'spells' does a visit to the Japanese Garden cast on the senses?" or, "What 'spells' would we like the Garden to cast on visitors?" Expanding on Rilke's metaphor, we might ask, "How can we make the 'inner world' of our visitors an 'intensified garden'?" We may go farther, giving ourselves the task of discovering the garden's "mind" and "psyche."

Abram goes further, suggesting that each place possesses a "place-specific intelligence," an idea that closely parallels a concept of central importance to my profession of landscape archi-

ABOVE: Treading lightly to find the garden's 'place-specific intelligence,' it's *genius loci.*

tecture: the genius loci. Translated as the "spirit of place," the *genius loci* is what makes each place unique, distinctive, and different from all others—and thus valuable for itself. How can we reveal or experience the garden's particular "intelligence" and value? What is the garden's place-specific intelligence and our shared intelligence with it when we are in it and part of it? Such a lot of questions incited by a brief quotation!

PRACTICAL ISSUES AND CONCERNS—THE FEAR THAT WE OMIT TO MENTION SOMETHING

These questions are, of course, rhetorical and intended to provide a context in which to think about leading effective garden tours. Fundamentally our job is to integrate information and sensory experience into an authentic whole. This suggests that the guide's job is to provide information in ways that promote and enrich direct, individual experience, and that guides might better think of themselves as choreographers rather than encyclopedias—or Google searches—making space, during tours, for experiences and information to unfold in ways that reinforce rather than compete; that is, thinking of information as the icing on the experience, not the cake itself. How do we initiate an appropriate attitude of mind to enjoy a garden experience, and how do we cultivate and enhance this attitude of mind throughout the tour, even as we infiltrate information in ways that enrich, deepen, sharpen and spice individual experiences?

Thinking of the tour guide's job in this way raises yet more questions about where, when and how best to introduce information during a tour. How much to say and how much to leave unsaid? How to provide facts without clogging minds? How to inform in ways that enhance rather than diminish experience? Clearly, it is undesirable to cram as much information as possible into visitors, as this is likely to overwhelm and turn off the senses, but can we leave things unsaid in ways that encourage visitors to make their own connections and discoveries? Can we leave things unsaid, expecting them to be raised in questions and discussions? Can we be content with our job if they don't come up at all? By posing these questions I don't mean to imply that we simply turn visitors loose to wander and experience for themselves, though some always prefer this option. But most visitors want some explanations.

ABOVE: There's so much that could be said, but if we attempt to reveal it all in one tour, the garden's charm may be broken.

How do we provide for this reasonable need, where information reinforces experience and vice versa? How can we inform and lead without being prescriptive: opening up possibilities for understanding without telling visitors what they should think, how they should experience?

How might we answer these questions if we imagined our task as inducing visitors to fall under the spell of the garden? Would we think differently of the garden's unfolding narrative as we walk around it if our goal was to help visitors discover the story, not reveal the plot and what the last page of the story contains? How do we talk about our experiences, what we see and appreciate without dictating what others should observe/experience? Perhaps we might ask questions, such as: How do you feel about this place, view or part of the garden?

These questions are not answered in abstract. Their answers depend on real, tangible and practical considerations, among them: group size and language barriers; health, age and mobility; available time; weather conditions; and more subtle distinctions, such as the character of the group, its interest level, knowledge and familiarity with the garden. Each tour is different; we work with the group we have and the conditions of the moment. We rarely linger when rainwater begins to dribble down the backs of our necks or the tour bus honks its horn.

The following considerations and suggestions are not precise and infallible instructions for how to lead the perfect tour. They are guidelines, reminders of things that guides already know. But, first, another reminder: Getting outside is always an adventure, and nowhere is this more true than in a visit to a garden like the Japanese Garden. John Stilgoe offers stellar and sterling advice:

"Get out now. Not just outside, but beyond the trap of the programmed electronic age so gently closing around so many people at the end of our century. Go outside, move deliberately, then relax, slow down. Look around. Do not jog. Do not run. Forget about blood pressure and arthritis, cardiovascular rejuvenation and weight reduction. Instead pay attention to everything that abuts the rural road, the city street, the suburban boulevard. Walk. Stroll. Saunter. Ride a bike, and coast along a lot. Explore.

"Flex the mind a little at first, then a lot. Savor something special. Enjoy the best-kept secret around—the ordinary, everyday landscape that rewards any explorer, that touches any explorer with magic."

—From "Outside Lies Magic: Regaining History & Awareness in Everyday Places"

So how should we orchestrate, choreograph, narrate and guide one of Seattle's most beguiling and magical adventures—a visit to the Japanese Garden?

ENTERING THE GARDEN—INTIATING WAYS OF EXPERIENCING & BEING

Clichéd but true: First impressions are important. In the case of garden tours we might better say: The adventure starts at the entrance—every entrance should en-trance. This is the time to assemble as a group, pay entry fees, and set behavioral expectations and responsibilities. More subtly, this is when we begin to recalibrate our attitudes of mind toward the coming experience. Here we set the stage for the play.

The Japanese Garden is blessed with a beautifully articulated gateway set over a large threshold stone. This gate is preceded by a courtyard, graciously sized to accommodate assembling and getting organized before entering the Garden. The practical is dealt with in the courtyard, while crossing the threshold stone addresses aesthetic or symbolic considerations and perceptions. Symbolism is important, and nowhere more so than in preparing visitors to appreciate the Japanese Garden. At the entrance we invite visitors to adopt an experiential frame of mind, perhaps by encouraging them to become conscious of or "get in touch with"—and trust—their own sensory experiences, to get senses and mind on the same wavelength. More often than not this process involves slowing down and putting behind one the rush and frenzy of daily life, including arrival at the Garden.

Drawing visitors' attention to the symbolism of the threshold stone and the framed view into—but not too far into!—the Garden, is a physical and symbolic invitation to reawaken senses numbed by travel or dormant from disuse. How can we help visitors dust off their senses in ways that give them confidence in their own experience and their own interpretation and their own understanding? The Garden assists this process by rewarding rather than assaulting the senses—sight, smell and sound. We may do so as guides by gently reminding visitors to slow down and smell, touch, feel the experience. To open up.

Almost immediately upon entering the Garden the way ahead is partially blocked by a lovely lace-leaf Japanese maple, a hint that this journey is not for those wishing to travel in the "fast lane," nor for those who expect everything to be clear, straightforward and unambiguous. Here we might invite visitors to tell us what they see beyond the veil and what purpose this veil serves.

"Crossing the threshold stone is a symbolic act of putting the past behind and responding differently to what lies ahead. It is an opportunity to put in place an appropriate frame of mind for the visit, for setting the stage, and putting aside preconceptions."

Unit 86 volunteer

THE PATH AS A NARRATIVE— A TEMPORAL THREADING TOGETHER OF SPATIAL EXPERIENCES

A "journey of a thousand miles" may begin not so much with one step but by initiating a story. Think of the Garden's paths as a narrative, an unfolding story line—a temporal and spatial experience. In the West narratives equate with books, but a guide suggested a scroll as a better metaphor for the continuity and connectedness of these garden experiences; a scroll that

ABOVE: From the entrance we can see in far enough to be hooked. But what lies beyond?

we unroll to read what lies ahead and allow to roll up behind us. The Garden itself is the story, so our job is not to write the text but to choreograph the scroll's unfurling, to tell this story of these sequential experiences. Marc Treib points out that the famous 18th-century English landscape architect "Capability" Brown saw his design work in this way, using punctuation metaphors to describe how he manipulated sequential spatial experiences.

It is interesting that Lancelot "Capability" Brown described his compositional tactics in terms of ortho–graphy. In a conversation with Hannah Moore shortly before his death, Brown asserted: "Now there . . . I make a comma, and there," pointing to another spot, "where a more decided turn is proper, I make a colon; at another spot, where an interruption is desirable to break the view, a parenthesis; now a full stop, and then I begin another subject." ("Sites Unseen: Landscape & Vision," editors Dianne Harris & D. Fairchild Ruggles)

The narrative metaphor emphasizes connections between the physical experience—moving through garden space, and around, over and through plant masses and objects—and mental engagement. The more a tour becomes a narrative the more likely visitors will become readers of a garden rather than plodders along a path. We narrate garden stories at the same time as we choreograph visitors' movement patterns. To do this we must constantly think about where we are now, what lies ahead, and what led us to this point. Does the experience unfold gradually and steadily, as it might along a gently curving path? Or do the path's twists and turns generate surprises and changes? Does the path orient us to the garden itself by disorienting us and making us forget where we came from, so that we are not distracted by earlier experiences?

ABOVE There is no single, correct translation of the "narrative of a path," but the narrative metaphor and the directional path lead the imagination on, and the feet will surely follow. A straight path tells one story.

Do paths widen to provide 'breathing room,' or narrow to require single file passage? If so, what are the resulting experiences? How do the garden's spaces encourage us to slow down or speed up? Stop and sit, or keep going? What draws us forward and what encourages us to linger? Experiences become richer and more coherent as garden spaces, story lines and movement patterns are better integrated. All garden experiences are sequential—even one as simple as entering and leaving a single garden room. The Japanese Garden's path from the entrance to the teahouse draws us on mysteriously—the journey itself is delightful but the destination is unclear. Other parts of the Garden reward us in different ways. The stroll around the pond, for example, is like walking around a large room, seeing it from different directions and perspectives. Effective tours integrate movement patterns, spaces and story lines.

"How to decide which way to go when a path forks? [One] may go either way. [There is] no one right or usual route, sometimes [the decision is] left to chance or whim, sometimes a guest's interests."

Unit 86 volunteer

If we think of the tour as an unfolding narrative—a story line with surprise and confirmation, reassurance and uncertainty, continuity and variety—this will encourage us to think about where we want to slow down, peer ahead, or sit and look around. ~

Part 2 of this article appears in the Summer 2012 issue of the "Bulletin."

Iain M. Robertson is an associate professor of the Landscape Architecture Department and an adjunct faculty member in the Center for Urban Horticulture and School of Forest Resources at the University of Washington. Like the Unit 86 guides, he, too, has fallen under the spell of Washington Park Arboretum's Japanese Garden.

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Winners of the CBHL Literature Award

By Brian R. Thompson

Movies have the Oscars. A newspaper can win a Pulitzer Prize. The top children's books vie for Newbery or Caldecott Medals. But what about books on gardening? Or books on our native trees? How are they judged? One measure of their greatness is winning the Council on Botanical and Horticultural Libraries Annual Award for a Significant Work on Botanical or Horticultural Literature Award (CBHL Literature Award).

Since its inception in 2000, this award (see sidebar) has recognized the outstanding merits of 24 different titles on a wide range of topics within horticulture and botany. Most are available in the Miller Library. The following are a selection of winners devoted to the history of botany and gardening from the time of Plato (4th century BCE) up to the near present.

The History of Naming Plants

Anna Pavord gets us started in "The Naming of Names" (year of the award—2006) on the groundwork for the system of nomenclature we use so freely today. More than just names, this book chronicles the development of human understanding of plants, how they live and propagate, but most importantly how we've come to identify and categorized them.

While beginning in the classical period, the core of this story is set in the revival of science during the Renaissance, from about 1400–1700. Pavord treats her human subjects as protagonists in the story of the development of the science of botany; while supported with excellent scholarship, the writing is very passionate.

The last hero of her narrative is the English scholar and plantsman John Ray (1627-1705), whom she credits with the invention of the discipline of taxonomy. "No fireworks, no claps of thunder, no swelling symphonic themes mark Ray's achievement. It is a quiet, lonely, dogged consummation, and, in its insistence on the importance of method before system, critical in shaping future thinking on the subject to which he had devoted the whole of his adult life."

The Flowering of English Gardening

Andrea Wulf, in "The Brother Gardeners" (2010), takes up where Pavord's story ends, at the beginning of the 18th century. Up to that time gardening was "traditionally the preserve of the aristocracy…now, amateur gardeners began to take an obsessive interest in their smaller plots." Her focus is on the transformation in England, but much of this was fueled by the interchange with American gardeners and particularly the importation of American plants to English gardens.

Most compelling is the four decades of correspondence between Peter Collinson (1694-1768), a merchant and avid gardener in London, and John Bartram (1699-1777), a farmer and self-taught botanist near Philadelphia. Bartram regularly shipped boxes of seeds, pressed plants, and occasionally live plants, while in exchange Collinson would ship books and tools, and even clothes for Bartram's family.

Collinson would use his connections to introduce Bartram to wealthy and learned Americans, hoping to find new and different plants. These introductions came with specific instructions, "'Pray go very Clean, neat & handsomely Dressed to Virginia' and don't 'Disgrace thyself or Mee.'" As time passed, however, the roles changed as the farmer from the colonies began to assert his importance in these exchanges, forcing Collinson and his clients from the English learned class to recognize Bartram's knowledge, skills and importance to their endeavors.

Plant Exploration Around the World

As the quest for more new and exotic plants continued, plant explorers and collectors went farther afield. One of the most notable figures is the subject of our next book, "Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker: Traveler and Plant Collector" (2001) by Ray Desmond. Hooker, our hero, took two multi-year expeditions (to Antarctica, New Zealand and Australia from 1839-1843; and to India and the Himalayas from 1847-1851), as well as shorter trips to Morocco, Palestine and the United States. The result is a marvelous travelogue, masked as a biography.

All the while Hooker traveled, he was observing, documenting and collecting plants, which led to publications of the native floras of these regions. Even better for us today, he was sketching the plants, landscapes, native peoples and many other attractions. These sketches, and the botanical illustrations made by others inspired by them, make this a richly illustrated book.

The text is engaging, detailing the trials of travel for both man and plants:

"Hooker...coped remarkably well with the rigours of botanising in the Himalayas. This he attributed to abstinence...a diet of meat and potatoes, and never over-eating.

"His problems as a plant collector did not cease with the boxing and parceling of plants and seeds. Sometimes they were lost or dropped into rivers on the journey to Calcutta; often they died before they reached the port. He tried wrapping seeds in...tins, oilcloth wrapping, paper packets. Sometimes he posted them in letters. But...too often they reached their destination damp or rotting or eaten by insects."

Horticulture in America

Philip Pauly was a professor of history at Rutgers University. His book, "Fruits and Plains" (2009), was published by Harvard University Press. These are high academic credentials for a book that at first glance appears to be about gardening. But this is no ordinary gardening book. As suggested by the sub-title, "The Horticultural Transformation of America," this is a serious study of the importance of horticulture to all aspects of American life, particularly from the founding of the country well into the 20th century.

The key here is the term horticulture. To Pauly, "In general conversation it is an upmarket synonym for gardening" and includes the design, selection and maintenance of plants in

WHAT IS THE CBHL LITERATURE AWARD?

The Council on Botanical and Horticultural Libraries Annual Award for a Significant Work in Botanical or Horticultural Literature, or in brief, the CBHL Literature Award (Now you know why I use an abbreviation!) was first made in 2000. Typically two awards are given each year: one for a work intended for professionals in these fields, and one for a work of general interest.

With one exception, all the winners have been books, although the award is not limited to that format. They must be in English, or English with a parallel text in another language, and published/created in the two years prior to the year of award. More information about the award and a list of all the winners can be found at www.cbhl.net/litaward/litaward.htm.

private and public gardens. But he uses the term more broadly and claims that in the 1800s "horticulture was equivalent to what is now call plant biotechnology."

The early history he recounts is focused on the utility of gardens, particularly fruit-producing trees and shrubs. Later he turns to arboriculture, highlighting the arguments for and against the planting of native and exotic species—century-old arguments that continue today.

But of perhaps greatest interest to "Bulletin" readers is Chapter Nine, "Culturing Nature in the Twentieth Century." Here are some keen insights on gardeners, and the cultural environment at the time of the founding of the Washington Park Arboretum.

Gardens During Wars

"Defiant Gardens: Making Gardens in Wartime" (2007) is not an easy book to read. The descriptions of the front lines, prison camps, Jewish ghettos and Japanese internment camps from the first half of the 20th century are brutal, detailed and very unsettling.

But this is also an important book to read. For those faced with the extremes of human suffering, "Gardens conformed to the expected cycle of seasons and growth and life; a garden was a demonstration of life in order, not a world turned upside down."

Author Kenneth Helphand is a Pacific Northwest author—a professor of landscape architecture at the University of Oregon. He was motivated to write this book by an image of French soldiers beside their small vegetable gardens, dug into the front trenches of World War I. His extensive research led him around the world to visit many of the original sites, even if the gardens are long gone.

While these observations give perspective, the many personal narratives the author found in his research are the heart of this book. They tell of the efforts, despite great odds, to nurture a garden, of the importance these gardens had both for sustenance and emotional well-being, and the amazing strength of the human spirit.

Brian Thompson is the manager and curator of the Elisabeth C. Miller Library of the University of Washington Botanic Gardens. He is also a current member of the CBHL Literature Award selection committee.

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Kentucky's Bernheim Arboretum *Continued from page 6*

these trees started at the beginning of the 20th century and dramatically altered the composition of the forests of the Eastern United States. It had been a valuable component of the forest, providing rot-resistant lumber, food for wildlife, and incomparably sweet nuts. Wild pigs and bears gorged themselves on the nuts during the fall. Seattle is fortunate to have some American chestnuts (although not the blight-resistant species) that arrived here before the seed crop of the eastern plants was no longer available. You may find some magnificent examples on Bigelow Avenue on Queen Anne hill.

Bernheim Arboretum sponsors an artist-in-residence program. Examples of the artists' works are sited throughout the Arboretum.

To top off its offerings to the public, Bernheim has an artist-in-residence program. All around the grounds are sculptural pieces made from various media, including metal, ceramics and timber taken from the surrounding forest. These works of art were fashioned by recipients who are required to live and work at Bernheim for between two to four months. Such artists are provided with a comfortable house and studio, plus an honorarium. They are asked to interact with the public in various ways, ranging from giving workshops or lectures to holding open studio times when visitors may watch them at work. I was intrigued by one piece of art in particular—that of a cross section of a log, peeled open at one end to show its future transition into a paper scroll.

With so much going on here, Bernheim Arboretum is a natural destination for many in northern Kentucky. For instance, my wife and I had a great lunch at the Arboretum's cafeteria while chatting with a retired couple that travel down from Louisville monthly just to enjoy the ambience. We also saw families strolling with buggies, as well as other visitors who were cycling, hiking and fishing.

No matter how you choose to experience the Arboretum, I'm sure you will enjoy this treasure as much as we did. ~

Walt Bubelis taught horticulture classes at Edmonds Community College for over 30 years; currently he serves as chairman of the Arboretum's Pacific Connections Unit Task Force and as a member of the "Bulletin" Editorial Board.

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